UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

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By A. EUSTACE HAYDON

Why the Church? An Inquiry

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Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

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By ISRAEL S. WECHSLER

VOLUME CIII NUMBER 8

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIII. MONDAY, APRIL 22, 1929 NUMBER 8

"THE PLIGHT OF THE FARMER"

What then; is not efficiency a merit? No, not in this case; on the contrary. It is idle to talk of Monroe Doctrines, of navies, of fortifications, and of other devices for strengthening the nation so long as the trusts crawl up on the efficiency platform. Just let the trusts get the death grip in earnest on the American farmer; that death grip which they will surely obtain if not effectively prevented, and then all props for strengthening this nation will prove but broken reeds to lean upon. . . .

I believe there is a way; a way indicated by the following: Let a means be devised whereby groups of American farmers may, under corporate power, collectively obtain a sufficiency of credit to enable them to act as distributors as well as producers. This, if effectively done, would neutralize and remove the trusts.

—David Lubin.

62nd Congress, 3d session. Senate Document No. 966 p. 8. International Institute of Agriculture, Dec. 5, 1912. Washington Government Printing Office.

UNITY begins publication in this issue of a new regular feature. We refer to a monthly column of poetry to be published under the title of "Trumpets on New Horizons," and to be edited by Ralph and Lucia Trent Cheyney. The Cheyneys are important figures in the field of present-day American literature. As editors of *Contemporary Verse,* they are the leaders of one of the enlightened influences in the field of poetry in this country. Both are poets in their own right, and are authors of interesting books of verse. Lucia Trent Cheyney's last volume, "Children of the Fire and Shadow," has just come from the press and will be reviewed shortly in our columns. "Trumpets on New Horizons" is established as a regular feature of UNITY with the idea of publishing choice selections of verse which breathe the spirit and present the ideal of the new social and religious vision of our day. We interpret it as an attempt to express in poetic form the ideas and ideals which we are constantly expressing in our editorials, articles, and reviews. We feel that in maintaining this column of poetry, UNITY will not only be serving the interests of its rapidly growing family of readers, but also giving a valued opportunity to the young and brave poets of our time to present their work to an understanding public. We look forward to the development of this new feature of our work with eager interest and anticipation.

One wonders at this distance how there can be any doubt of the overthrow of the Tory government in England at the forthcoming election this summer. Surely the utter incompetence of Mr. Baldwin has been made as plain as his amiability. For years, now, Britain has been faced by problems of the most dire seriousness. Take unemployment, for example—unemployment in general, and unemployment in particular in the coal fields. The solution of this problem presents no insuperable difficulties, as Mr. Lloyd George has recently shown in a characteristically brilliant speech. Yet, while millions starved, or were left precariously alive by the "dole," Mr. Baldwin has been content to suck serenely at his pipe and do nothing at all. With other domestic problems, the record is the same. This Premier's whole idea of statesmanship, apparently, is to smile and smile, and let happen what may. Not in a hundred years, not in two hundred years, has England had a prime-minister so weak and futile as the present occupant of Downing Street. And his weakness applies not only to policies but to men. It is commonly believed, and we think not without reason, that Mr. Baldwin is a man of gentle spirit and moderately liberal ideas. But his party is fundamentally a "die-hard" party, committed utterly to the darkest reaction at home, and the most ruthless imperialism abroad. No political group in all the world is so menacing today to every cause of peace and freedom the world around as these Tory "die-hards." If Mr. Baldwin had one atom of strength, to say nothing of wisdom, he would curb and control these Tories as he would cage wild animals. But, like every weakly amiable man, he has yielded where he should have commanded. With the result that the only active forces in the English government today are the forces of arrogance, repression, and stupidity. Not since Lord North has England been so misruled.

The decision of the United States Supreme Court denying to the rapid transit companies of New York City the right to raise fares from 5 to 7 cents is an event of the first importance not only for the community concerned but also for the nation at large. For years, now, it has been the custom for public service corporations in this country, whenever they wanted larger profits from the helpless people, to appeal to the courts. There, on all sorts of fantastic and fictitious grounds, such as amount of capital invested (including plenty of water!), reproduction cost of plant and equip-

ment (as though anybody was planning to destroy either!), etc., etc., they have asked for increased fares or rates, and usually they have gotten them. Now comes a blow from the Supreme Court which ought to end this scandalous business for good and all. The New York case was particularly impudent. The Interborough Rapid Transit Company is operating a railroad in a subway *owned by the city* on a contract making absolutely binding a 5 cent fare. Under this contract, in the old days, the company made enormous profits—again and again the net return exceeded 20 per cent. During these prosperous times, not a cent was ever put by for a rainy day, and service was kept at so low a level of convenience and decency as to become a public scandal of the first order. Then came the War —with the rise in costs, and the fall in the value of money. At once the Company began to talk about bankruptcy. The emptiness of the cry was patent, however, since the contract with the city provided that at any time the Company wanted to surrender this contract the city must take it over, whether or no. And the city has always been willing—even eager—thus to recapture the system and give the public some decent transit service. But of course the Company would not surrender its franchise. It had a fat thing, and knew it! Then, last year, it appealed to the courts for a higher fare; and, with unparalleled effrontery, ignored the state courts entirely, and went straight to Washington. And now, verily, it has its reward. The appeal for relief is denied, and the Company must be satisfied with such profits as it can make from the nickel fare.

Three years ago Yale University abandoned the system of compulsory chapel. At that time the voluntary system of chapel attendance, established many years before at Harvard, was adopted with a flourish of trumpets; and when the new system went into effect, the report was broadcasted far and wide by expert publicity agents that it was a triumphant success. The chapel at Yale, we were told, was crowded with great throngs of students no longer sleepy, grumpy and hostile, but friendly and enthusiastic. These reports looked "fishy" to us when they appeared, for, both as a student and as a preacher, we have had experience in the matter of voluntary chapel at American colleges. We were certain that the reports were untrue and thus a mere publicity stunt, or else described a situation which was the temporary result of an organized appeal to the students to make a success of a system which had been changed in satisfaction of their desires. Now comes the confirmation of our well-grounded suspicion! A recent dispatch from Yale states that the system of voluntary chapel is a failure from the standpoint of undergraduate attendance. "In place of a well filled chapel," runs the report, "there now remains only a handful of worshippers in Battell Chapel each day, but in contrast to the rebellious attitude there is now the devout and reverent feeling which is for the best." Here the old issue as between compulsory and voluntary chapel is clearly stated. It is the question as to whether it is better to have a few students who want to come to religious services, or a great many students who do not want to come. One thing is certain—that, in spite of all the loud assertions that our younger generation is as religious as ever, the great mass of our undergraduate students in all colleges have no use for the established exercises of religion. They will not go to church in the colleges unless they have to, and they do not go to church at all after they get out of college. This is a sure sign of the times, and it might be well if the churches today were broad enough to face reality and ask what it means.

Once, twice, thrice, there has come to our desk an appeal for Russia. The first time it arrived this appeal attracted our immediate and sympathetic attention, for we are interested in Russia. But we didn't get very far in the reading of this appeal before we began to grow cold, and now that the same appeal has arrived for the third time, our heart is like a block of ice. For this appeal is for money to print 25,000 Bibles and 25,000 New Testaments at an expense of $37,347.50, for distribution among the Russian people. The fifty cents in that estimate is enormously impressive—what careful bookkeepers these dear Bibliophiles are! But such attractive details cannot distract our mind from the question as to how much good it is going to do to distribute 25,000 Bibles and 25,000 New Testaments in a population of 150,000,000 of people; or how much good it would do if 150,000,000 Bibles and New Testaments could be distributed to that number of people. We like to be sympathetic and helpful with anybody who is trying sincerely to advance the interests of religion anywhere, but we have to confess that we have never been able to get excited over the business of printing and distributing Bibles. Statistics from the Bible societies, which always run up into the millions, never impress us, except with a feeling of profound skepticism. Who reads all these Bible that are thus distributed, and what result is achieved? As for Russia, we think this is just one hundred per cent the wrong way to tackle the existing religious problems in that country. Yet we may be wrong in this judgment. It may be that nothing can be better than to distribute in Russia a book which explains in Acts 2:44 how the members of the early Christian church "had all things in common," and were thus organized upon a basis of out-and-out Communism. The more we think of this, the more we are tempted to feel that these Bible distributors are perhaps sowing better seed than they imagine. It might

be a good idea for them to make application to the Soviet Government for help in scattering abroad copies of this "Red" text-book.

It is something of a tragedy that the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of General William Booth (April 10, 1929) was ushered in by the most serious and sensational outbreak of factional strife that has afflicted any religious body in recent times. The world will not soon forget the struggle in the Salvation Army between General Booth's son and successor who wanted to keep the headship of the Army at any cost, and the active body of younger leaders who wanted to capture that headship at any cost. Religion did not seem to count for much in that contest for power, and the celebration of the old General's centenary follows with a distinct sense of unhappiness and disillusionment. What we have revealed in this family squabble is the essential weakness of General Booth's work—namely, its organization upon a military basis. The Salvation Army is literally an "army" with a commanding officer at the top who wields complete authority, and a great body of officers and soldiers beneath who are subject to rigorous discipline. The day for this sort of thing is past, if indeed it ever existed in the religious world. Yet we must recognize in all fairness that what is now discovered to be the weakness of General Booth's work was its strength in the beginning. The Salvation Army was fundamentally the projection of one of the greatest personalities of our time who, by the very nature of his spiritual genius, had to command and bid others to follow. We doubt if the world yet realizes how great a man William Booth really was. We should rate him, from the standpoint of sheer genius, as one of the ten or twelve greatest men of the nineteenth century. He carried the Christ message into submerged areas of human life which Protestantism had never touched; and far and wide through the entire world sent his consecrated servants to hunt out and save the lost. The military organization of the Army has always offended us; the crudeness of the Army's methods has never attracted us; the primitive character of the Army's theology has frequently outraged us. But General Booth and his followers found a way of doing their work, and there are few men anywhere who are in a position either to criticize or condemn. Our hope is that the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great General will be used to heal the wounds left by the recent internecine struggle and that the Salvation Army will enter upon a new and greater period of heroic spiritual service.

Changing Religions

It seems to be very difficult for officially religious people to realize that religions are always in process of change. When they are alive and integral to the moving life situations of a living people they change to embody a new vision of the world, to incorporate a new ideal or to make an adjustment in program for the achieving of a new value. Even when an old religion is dying it changes—sometimes by being placed in the museum of memory and treated symbolically, sometimes by a process of disintegration through neglect. Growing into new power or dissolving because its function has failed, every religion is changing.

The modern world has challenged religions to a more radical change than they have ever faced before in the history of the race. Unfortunately no religion has developed a technique of change. In the past the transformation has come about slowly, blunderingly, with much waste and heartache, and chiefly because life demanded satisfactions. In the presence of enlarged hopes and worthier possibilities of personal fulfillment the old ideas and forms yielded to the new. The old was felt to be good but life demanded change and it came.

Religions have never been constructions of the intellect. They have never been logical, though often philosophers and theologians have tried to make them appear logical. Rather, they are the complex aggregate of thought forms and behavior patterns wrought out in the effort to win the values of a good life. The problem of modern religions is to develop a conscious and intelligent technique of change. The old religions are going concerns involving mind sets, attitudes, emotions and habit patterns of group behavior. Now that the new age of the world demands a revolutionary change of ideas and program religious people are conscious of a chasm opening between the religions of the past and the milieu of the modern world. They do not know and have no one to tell them how the function and values of the old are moving, through change, to a more vital embodiment in the new. Religions, conscious at last of their historic significance in the evolution of human culture, advancing under intelligent leadership, might now make modern civilization safe for spiritual values and win for man the era of righteousness, peace, joy and brotherhood. Instead there is conservative dogmatism, radical violence and comfortable, modernist compromise and obscurantism.

A cross-section of the great religions of the world today would reveal very definite lines of drift. No re-

ligion is what it was a generation ago. They are drifting, some with anchors dragging, some with all sails spread, more speedily to escape the past. These movements may be classified roughly under six types: 1—those which stand in defiant defense of orthodoxy; 2—those which try to keep the old forms while filling them with new content; 3—those which maintain an emotional loyalty to the past but really abandon it by the method of rationalization; 4—eclectic groups who would make a new religion by a synthesis of the best elements of several; 5—those whose energies are largely dissipated in the effort to destroy the old ideas and institutions, and 6—those which neglect or ignore existing religions and try to build a new movement or concentrate upon a program of social idealism without any attempt at a religious philosophy. The last two groups often consider themselves irreligious. The American Association for the Advancement of Atheism is an admirable illustration of the fifth type. They manifest the crusading, evangelical zeal of a Luther in their effort to emancipate the spirit of man. Examples of all six types may be found in all religions.

The conclusion from the evidence is clear. Even in the age of intelligent understanding of the story of human cultural evolution we are still unable to appreciate the perfect naturalness of religions as phases of that evolution. Though we worship the method of science we still shrink, under an awful tabu, from applying the scientific method to the direction of the future of religions. The old wasteful ways of change hold sway. We repeat again the conflict, blind groping and irrational revolt that have characterized the painful pilgrimage of the ages toward the goal of the good life.

Perhaps an approach to an intelligent program of religious advance through this era of rapid change might be made by a recognition of some of the elementary and kindergarten teachings of the religious sciences. It might help if we could constantly remember that there is no such thing as religion apart from the behavior of real people in a concrete life situation and that religion has its origin and whole meaning in the satisfaction of the human and social needs of such mundane folk; that all the ideas and forms of religions are functional and relative; that they are justified and have significance in their context of situation but apart from that, or when the situation is changed, they have no quality of eternal truth or validity. It might help also to remember that prophets, highly honored today, were murdered for violating the orthodoxies of their age and that the spirit of the religious quest is often best preserved by a resurrection in a new body. Finally there is the serious consideration, that modern civilization has been created without any conscious loyalty to the religious ideal and now threatens the values of the human spirit. Religion bears the age-old responsibility and only religion, or a substitute functioning in the same way, is capable of making the synthesis of values and program which will command loyal cooperation in the making of a worthier world. We drift, although drifting is now dangerous. We need an intelligent technique of change.

A. Eustace Haydon.

Why the Church?

An Inquiry

I.

Unity readers form a group which should be specially competent to think through the question at the head of this article. By doing so they may not only serve themselves and each other, but render a unique and constructive service to American society.

Among these readers are some who are attached by sentiment, and in a degree by organic loyalty, to one or another of the particular sects or denominations which make up the category, the church. But none claims or feels for his organization an exclusive prerogative, much less a unique sanctity.

Among them are some who have cried a plague upon all sects and other forms of ecclesiasticism; they have lost interest in each and all of them, and would not lament if all should cease to be. But none fails to accord religion an exalted and determinative place in the social order. They read Unity because it is what it announces itself to be, A Journal of Religion.

In between, there are among these readers all shades of opinion and social hope. None yields allegiance to a fixed and rigid idea of his own conceiving, certainly not to an idea superimposed. Yet they form a unity of liberal-mindedness. There are few or no fundamentalists among them, no hierarchs, no partisans of any type of ecclesiasticism which renders them incapable of initiative and independence in religious thinking. Hence their unique fitness for the task of thinking through to a discovery of the place of the church in modern society.

Somebody ought to do this thinking. Somebodies. Some considerable group. Not some individual. It has been done by numerous more or less unrelated individuals. It has not been done by unbiased groups advancing to non-partisan conclusions.

II

The issue is vital. The church is here. It is very much here. It has emerged from the past. It has

been a determinative force in the making of civilization. For good or bad, for weakness or strength, it has been an influence to be reckoned with.

What of it now? There still prevail organizations identical with or similar to those from which these forces have emanated. That these organizations continue to occupy the place they formerly did, and that they are sufficient to the ends which religion should guarantee in society, few Americans will assert, however prejudiced. None of UNITY'S readers will accept such an assertion.

On the other hand, no thoughtful citizen will brush these institutions of religion aside as superstitions, relics of forms and forces which once had a degree of social validity, but which now are negligible. Even superstitions which continue to grip the conscience and hold the allegiance of multitudes are still to be reckoned with. They are a social force. They condition social destinies.

What is going on in the consciousness of Americans who still believe in the church, who want it around, who use it, who desiderate its service to others, who reckon it an essential and wholesome social force? What do they actually use it for. Could they get along without it? Would they be worse or better citizens without it? If the church were abolished would another institution, different from any now existing except the church, be necessarily conceived and fabricated to meet an actual social need?

Does the church cost more than it comes to? Probably all will agree that it might be more efficient. Will all agree that it ought to be more efficient, or should it not be at all?

III

It may be worth while to attempt compressing in a few generalizations the possible uses which people have for the church. Emphasis will vary greatly. Some wish it to serve one supreme purpose, and care little that it succeeds at or even attempts others. Others wish it for a variety of purposes, and demand that it serve each and all with reasonable efficiency.

Three general statements may cover all considerations which may thus be advanced:

1. The church is wanted to maintain a pulpit, to supply inspirations for fresh or familiar thinking, to repeat formulas of conduct on Sunday as a regulation of personal and social practices during the rest of the week.

2. The church is wanted to afford opportunities and inducements to worship, to keep the frivolous and the sordid reminded that there is a God, a God to be admired or to be feared, a God who may grant favors in response to petitions, or a supernal being, above the influence of petty begging for favors, but, because being supernal, rewarding communion of the mortal spirit.

3. The church is wanted to supply a medium of concerted and wholesome social action, to keep alive great moral ideals and to furnish facilities ever more adequately to realize them in society.

Only in a general way does this comprehend all the uses of the church, but in that general way it does. It makes no reckoning of motives of deliberate imposture, of sinister impositions upon credulity, of selfish aggression and greed. Such motives have prevailed and still prevail, doubtless. But they cannot be advanced to explain the hold which the church has upon individuals or communities. Imposture and greed often succeed, but their triumph is too ephemeral to account for what the church has been or is.

IV

Are we cogent in our reasoning so far? Are these the big questions? What is the answer?

The lucubrations of particular and segregated individuals have little validity in this case. Will not the readers of UNITY value an opportunity to do some concerted thinking on this question? To swallow all at a gulp, or to emit complete and final wisdom as summarily, would be a futile attempt. But will not any so disposed set down some of his thoughts?

The editor may find space for some of the replies in the correspondence columns. They and all the rest will be so much to the good. Though what you have to say never appears literally or influentially in print, it will still be good. For, to set down your conclusions will help to clarify your own thinking, and that always helps others also.

Later articles, if interest is stirred, may take up some of the questions raised here. But only the main question is now before us. The fact of the church stands out. What is the permanent significance of that fact? The fact has been accepted by multitudes of our fellow-citizens, and by many of us ourselves, as of large if not determinative social importance.

All agree that something is the matter with the church? What is it? Is it something radical and fatal, or something only incidental and temporary? If the defect is radical, how shall our fellow-citizens be best prepared for the fatality? If it is only incidental, how shall the defect be corrected?

Most of these are ultimate questions. Our discussion must advance upon them gradually, clearing the ground and finding secure footholds as we proceed. What do you say? What are the first steps in an adequate consideration of this big question?

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

Jottings

Crocuses and tulips, wrens and robins, boys playing marbles, girls wearing new dresses, tourist agencies advertising trips abroad, "Babe" Ruth on the front page, a sudden jump in automobile accidents! *Spring is here!*

The average contribution in the church plate on Sunday morning, says the Federal Council of Churches, is five cents. And ten cents is the average tip in a medium-priced restaurant! Evidently the average man is more afraid of the waiter than he is of the minister. Or is it that he appreciates food for the body more than food for the soul?

The newspapers recently carried a story that told of a dancer's clothes being seized for debt. This amazes us! For we can not imagine a dancer having clothes enough to satisfy a debt. In fact, we did not know that a modern dancer had any clothes.

Now we know the full meaning of the old phrase, "from the sublime to the ridiculous." We found it in the suggestion of Ex-Governor Fuller of Massachusetts, that, when Mr. Justice Holmes retires from the Supreme Bench, Calvin Coolidge be named as his successor!

Groups of indignant and public-spirited lawyers are organizing in New York and elsewhere to defend men and women arrested for violations of the 18th Amendment, and subject to punishment under the Jones Act. These lawyers are aroused because the penalties under the Jones Act are so ferocious. *Query:* where were these lawyers when much more ferocious penalties were being ruthlessly imposed during and after the War upon pacifists? Are bartenders, speak-easy proprietors, and bootleggers so much worthier citizens than conscientious lovers of peace?

The senior class at Columbia, right in the heart of New York, reading daily the dripping wet press of that city, has voted 88 to 38 in favor of Prohibition. This is the new generation coming along! We have always believed that the fight against Prohibition would last as long as the saloon-bred generation lasted, and no longer. J. H. H.

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

XI

I Have Another Adventure

My third day in Tel-Aviv was carefully planned. I was to go in the morning, under escort, some twenty miles or more along the coast, to the site of "Nathanyah," newest of the Jewish colonies in Palestine, the only one organized during the last three years, and named in honor of Nathan Straus, under whose auspices I was traveling in the Holy Land. I desired to make this trip, first, in tribute to Mr. Straus, and, secondly, in satisfaction of my own desire to see a settlement in the very first stages of development. Scheduled to be back from this excursion at one o'clock, I was then to visit certain important colonies in the vicinity, and return to Jerusalem in time for dinner. An excellent plan! But the day was to bring me one more illustration of the truth of Burns' axiom, that "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglay."

A group of five men, including an old American friend who was now a member of the "Nathanyah" colony, and a famous Palestinian journalist, Ittamar Ben-Avi, took me in charge at eight o'clock, and off we went on good roads to the north. An hour's riding, however, brought us to roads so bad that it was a relief, as well as a surprise, when we left the road and struck straight across the open fields. It was as though we were riding across New England pasture lands, save that here there were no fences, stone walls or trees—just the wild, bare, rolling country where we could move in any direction we pleased. But it had been raining in this part as in other parts of Palestine in recent weeks, and bogs must be avoided! So we struck across the high open fields, moved along the crests of ridges wherever they could be found, plunged into plowed lands whenever they could not be avoided, always at high speed, regardless of bumps and bruises, for it was dangerous to give the glue-like mud a chance to grip and hold the wheels. The sensation was not unlike that of being on shipboard in a high sea. How the car, swaying madly from side to side, managed to maintain its equilibrium, is a mystery which I have not yet solved.

Suddenly came disaster in the form of a slip and a sweeping slide into the mire at the bottom of a deep gully. In a trice the men were out, had seized spades, shovels, boards and ropes brought along for just such an emergency, and were hard at work. But nothing availed—the car would not move! "Never mind," cried our leader, "the other car will be along in a moment."

"The other car?" I queried. "Do you mean to say that another car is crazy enough to follow us over this trackless country?"

Then I learned that my hosts had carefully provided a second car, carrying six men, to dog our tracks, and lend a hand whenever needed. Even as we talked, this second car hove in sight with a merry tooting of its horn, six lusty "pioneers" jumped into view, and with a shout seized our car, and in no time had it free of the mud and on its way again.

Progress was now slower. Every hundred yards or so, two men would scout on ahead, to find some road over the empty waste which was passable for the

wheels of autos. Always they discovered what they were looking for—until suddenly with a quick sweep around an overhanging lift of land, we found ourselves on the banks of a brook, or "wadi," as it is called in this country. Ordinarily this brook was a shallow little stream. Now it had been swollen by the torrential rains into a river, forty feet or more wide, and flowing in mid-stream like a cataract. Waiting by the "wadi" was a pair of mules hitched to the crudest kind of wagon. "All out," was the cry. In a moment, we had left the machine, clambered into the wagon, and begun the fording of the river. Just how we got across I shall never know. To sit down was to be in danger of getting wet—to stand up was to be in danger of toppling over into the water. Half-sitting and half-standing, clutching fiercely at anything my hands could seize, I watched the foaming stream as it washed over the wheels and lashed the bellies of the mules. It was a wild passage, and I was not relishing the prospect of completing the trip to "Nathanyah" in this ramshackle conveyance, when I looked back and discovered to my vast astonishment that the automobiles were planning to ford the stream as well. Heavy layers of burlap were being bound fast to the radiators, the carburetors were being protected, and the gas tanks made tight. Even so, it seemed to me that I had never heard of a madder venture. But before I could exclaim, our machine gave a sudden roar, plunged into the rushing water, swayed and stalled and swayed again, and then, like a dripping bullock, came tearing up the bank. After such an exploit, I was ready for anything. Once more we went sweeping on across the waste.

But the going was now more hazardous. The terrain was more uneven, the gullies deeper and more treacherous, the mud more abundant. A new obstacle was encountered in sudden ditches, into which the car plunged madly, and out of which it struggled with an awful grinding of the engine. Scouting became now more frequent and prolonged. At last our explorers came back with the news that we had better walk on ahead; that they would find a way somewhere for the cars and catch up with us; if not, they would leave the cars, and pick them up again on our return. "Nathanyah" was not so far ahead—we could make it in an hour or more of brisk walking!

So off we strode in excellent spirits. It seemed good to be on one's feet again, and thus to enjoy a little stability and quiet. But the sun was now warm, and the walking hard. Our leader welcomed the sight of an approaching Bedouin astride a donkey. "He'll take us to his village," he said, "and give us donkeys for the rest of this trip." So we held up the Bedouin, and told our need. Then the Bedouin held us up, and told *his* need. There followed a tumult of wild shouting and gesticulation, furious threats and recriminations. I backed away in fearful expectation of daggers, or at least of fists. Then, in a trice, everybody smiled; the price was agreed upon; I was astride the donkey; and we were headed for the village to get beasts for the other members of our troupe.

Fifteen minutes brought us to the Bedouin village. We were greeted by a wild attack of huge, ferocious-looking dogs, who lifted the hair on their backs like the quills of porcupines, and bared their ugly teeth like wolves. But this proved to be a salute, not an assault, and we went on unperturbed. Then came a crazier salute from a bunch of donkeys tethered at one end of the little settlement. "Hee-haw, hee-haw," rang out their lusty cries. My donkey responded with a call that seemed to rend my very spine. Then, kicking up his heels, he went galloping off to his companions, with a terrified rider grasping at mane, or tail, or any other thing which would keep him astride the fleeing beast. John Gilpin had no wilder ride than I, for those few minutes at least!

The village was a place of fascinating interest. I had seen these rude encampments, with their long, black, goat-skin tents, and huddling group of dirty women and children, many a time from the train and automobile. These primitive people wander the Palestinian countryside today just as they did in the days of Abraham, pasturing their flocks, sometimes feebly tilling the soil, always moving on when the grass is cropped or the tillage done. These people now before me represented the lowest state of human culture that I had ever seen. The tents, raised only a few feet from the ground, were wide open to the east and south. They were crammed with dirty straw, and not infrequently occupied by goats and sheep. Before them stood the women, clad in long black robes and head-dresses, with faces partly veiled, the cheeks and brows painted in rude colors and hung with strings of beads and coins, amulets against the Evil One. The children, incredibly dirty and wretchedly clad, were at first timid. The sight of a few coins, however, cured them of their fears, and soon they were crowding about us more intimately than was altogether pleasant. Debris and filth were all over the place—animals were wandering everywhere—the smoke of smouldering fires poisoned the air. Yet the women smiled in welcome—even the dogs became friendly—and the donkeys were at our disposal for a beggarly price.

We were selecting our gallant steeds, when the wild tootings of horns told us that the autos had made their way through. We rejoined our caravan with all speed, and without further adventure reached the site of "Nathanyah."

What I saw was a long, wide stretch of land, as fertile in appearance as any I had seen in Palestine. To the east rolled the long waste of open country to the hills of Galilee, now glowing in the blazing sun of noon. To the west rose a range of shore cliffs, giving shelter from the storms that sweep in here from the Mediterranean. Far to the north was a grove of trees, the boundary of the colony in that direction. Precisely in the center of the plain were two tents, where were living the first settlers of the colony. Near-by was the well they had been digging—thirteen feet in diameter, ninety feet deep, and pure, sweet water at the bottom! We wandered about the place—followed a ravine through the cliffs to the seashore, saw the location of the first houses, marked out the range of the projected orange groves, noted where the first plow was to cut the soil this next week. Then we were photographed in all positions—and I was singled out to place my name in the brand new Guest Book as the first visitor to the "Nathanyah" colony. High in the cloudless heavens rode the sun. Stout, bronzed, happy men stood about, and measured with eager eyes the acres which they were so soon to plant. The great sea roared in upon the shore—a steamer bound for Haifa went softly by. It was an auspicious moment, and every heart was light.

But it was after noontide! What about my one o'clock appointment at Tel-Aviv? With one accord we piled into our autos, and started on our journey

back. But we must stop on the way to pay our respects to the sheik who had sold the land to the colonists! He was lord of all the domain for miles around —a kind of feudal chieftain who lived with his family and retainers in a village not far away—and expected to see visitors when they passed along. He was reputed to be 102 years old; when I saw the venerable man, I placed him at not less than eighty! Accurate report had it that he consoled his aged bones each year with a brand new wife, and no one knew how many children had claim upon his paternal care. He was rich beyond all dreams of avarice, yet unselfish, and something of a poet. The story of his sale of the land to the "Nathanyah" pioneers was a beautiful one! Asked his price, he said "Nothing," adding that he would charge only for his service. "His service?" "Yes," he answered. "The land belongs to you—to all you Jews. But you lost it, and were driven away. And all these many years, we Arabs have been watching it for you, waiting your return. It is fair that you pay us for watching, and watching faithfully — but nothing more."

The sheik's village was a squalid collection of mud and stone huts. The only building of any size was a small mosque, in which we found some twenty-five little children strenuously chanting the Arabic alphabet in unison response to a young teacher well armed with a lengthy rod. Beside and beneath one wall of the mosque was an open latrine, a filthy place suggesting incredible things when fly-time came. A winding and very muddy path took us down past the dirty houses to a kind of barn-yard, where the old sheik held his court. In one corner was a motley collection of donkeys and camels; goats and sheep wandered freely about; poultry were abundant and omnipresent. Two industries were busily at work. On one side a rude mill ground into dusty flour the grain brought in by nearby Bedouin women. A group of these women, their faces carefully covered, were clustered shyly by the door of the mill. On the other side was a great pile of oranges, gathered from one of the sheik's groves; two or three men were making boxes, and filling them with the golden fruit. Litter and dirt were everywhere. I suppose the yard was sometimes cleaned, but the last time was long ago.

The sheik received us gladly. Quickly arranging a semi-circle of orange boxes, he bade us be seated and partake of his hospitality. The old fellow sat nobly in the center, and placed the visitor from America at his right hand. In a few moments came steaming cups of thick Turkish coffee; these were succeeded by the offer of as many oranges as we could eat or take away; then, at the close, with gracious dignity, came a retainer bearing a curious vessel of water which he poured over our hands as we extended them for the bath. And all the while, encircling us in unbroken line, passed women bearing on their heads heavy baskets of oranges from the grove outside to the packers in the yard. Some of these women were old, some were girls; all of them were strong, and most of them superbly beautiful. Their bodies, unfettered by the harness of civilized women, were covered only by the loose robe of their tribe; their necks, as they poised the laden baskets, were like straight columns of bronze; their stride was the stride of Amazons, and their stature the stature of goddesses. They were dirty, judged by western standards, but they were also magnificent. I could not keep my eyes off this unending line of marching caryatides.

It was now two o'clock, and my afternoon was disappearing. We leaped to the cars and resumed our journey. The way back was easily found, for we scrupulously followed the tracks made in the morning. We were stopped only twice in our speeding flight across the waste. Once our companion car, slipping into a ditch at too slow a pace, fell over flat on its side. Six merry men scrambled out of the upside, seized the prostrate vehicle, and promptly placed it erect upon its wheels. The second time we all dismounted, while our cars took a flying start, and leaped an eight-foot ditch. By this time nothing surprised me. I had learned that an automobile could go anywhere and do anything. I was ready to "follow the leader" to the end!

My readiness was tested when we came again to the "wadi." The mule wagon was at hand, but this time our chauffeurs scorned to take it. They had passed the waters once; they knew the line of fording; and the flood must have subsided since morning. So in we plunged! Our companion car went first. It reeled and tossed like a derelict on a stormy sea, but it got across. Our car did as well—to mid-stream. Then, just as we reached the foaming crest of the river, our auto slipped into a hole, our engine roared and gasped, and suddenly was silent. We were marooned! Into the car poured the water, like Noah's flood. The machine, beautifully poised downward on my side, had completely immersed its rear wheel, and was sinking steadily inch by inch deeper into the stream. I freed my limbs, to be ready for the plunge! Meanwhile, our friends upon the farther shore had not been idle. The mule wagon, promptly summoned, was hitched to the car, and the mules lashed to strenuous exertions—but our machine did not budge! As its careening was now actually imminent, we were ordered to "abandon ship" and come ashore *via* the mule wagon. One by one we crawled out of the car, scaled the slippery sides of the radiator, and leaped for the wagon. All were saved with little wetting and were soon on dry land again.

But the car! What to do with that! Just at this critical moment there came along a Bedouin, who offered to do the job—for a price. Immediately the customary shouts, gesticulations, threats and oaths—then bright smiles. This man would pull out the car for fifty piastras ($2.50)! Away he ran, shouting at the top of his lungs. A head appears over a nearby hill. Wild hallooings back and forth, and the head becomes a man. Another head over this other hill—more hallooings, and another man. More shouts, and more men! Till from somewhere, nowhere, everywhere, came a dozen sturdy fellows to lend a hand. A call from the leader—and, as though by a single motion, tattered garments were rolled to the waist-line, and sturdy limbs leaped into the stream. The men surrounded the flooded automobile like bees—they shouted together like college boys—then, dropping into a wild kind of song or chant, they began to push and heave.

"What are they singing?" I asked.

"They are calling on the Prophet," said one of my companions. "They want him to help."

But the Prophet did not hear. Or perhaps, like Baal, he was asleep. Time after time the men called, and sang, and lunged—and the automobile remained precisely where it was. Then suddenly, without warning, there came that curious moment when, as though by some divine intervention, mules and men all pulled together, and with a strength they had not had before. The auto stirred, moved, leaped—and was on the shore!

"The Prophet has heard us," cried the Arabs, leaping about us in unashamed nudity. And he *had* — for nothing less than the Prophet could have supplied that final ounce of strength that at last released the car.

The afternoon was now late. I could do nothing more this day. We would stop in Herzlia, a Jewish colony on the way, and have some tea! Our car must in any case be dried out and resupplied with gasoline, before it could take us back to town. So we found our way to Herzlia, and ate. After this meal by famished men, we went out for a look at the prosperous homes of these Jewish farmers. We saw clean houses, beautiful gardens, and large, sweet stables. The men were coming in from their day's labor at the plow. Boys were driving in the cattle for the night's shelter. The village news-boy went by—an aged ghetto Jew, with grey beard sweeping his breast, papers tucked under his arm, sitting astride a diminutive donkey, with his loose legs dangling to the ground on either side. In the west, down into the glistening sea, the sun was dropping. Great pillars of cloud caught and lifted its flaming colors, and shone as a city of eternal fire. To the right, clear-cut on the horizon, were two camels in coal-black silhouette. As the dark fell suddenly, our automobile appeared, and we drove back to the city. The blazing camp fires of the Bedouins lit the gloom on either side. Afar, in the distance, gleamed the lights of Tel-Aviv. Above the great stars burned with an unearthly lustre. Quick, in the pathway of our piercing headlights, flashed a camel, a donkey, a lonely wayfarer. Palestine!—its toil and struggle all about us, and its golden promise shining in our hearts.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Jerusalem, Palestine.

On the Anniversary of the Founding of the Hebrew University

Eleven years ago a dreamer in Israel laid a stone on Mount Scopus and proclaimed to the world that on that spot from which the Romans finally accomplished the destruction of Jerusalem a new temple would arise to house the wandering spirit of his people. The British army had just entered the city, the Turks were retreating to the north and beyond the Jordan, the redeemed country lay silent and in ruins, the inhabitants were destitute and starving. Amid those desolate surroundings, within ear-shot of pursuing and retreating cannon, and in the presence of General Allenby, Chaim Weizmann laid the cornerstone of the Hebrew University. He had been dreaming and planning for years, as did David Wolffsohn before him and long, long ago Herman Schapira who first conceived the idea, and suddenly the leader realized that with the hour of liberation a great opportunity had come. He sensed the possible danger that a long time might elapse before the University would arise, that his was but a heroic gesture, but he felt that a symbol of the spiritual rebirth of his people was necessary, a symbol of the house of learning that would hold the great treasures of the past and give body to the cultural aspirations of the future. And so, in accordance with Jewish traditions and ways of life, there was a moment of rejoicing in the midst of tribulations.

The significant event passed almost unnoticed at the time. European Jewry lay prostrate after the peace even more than in war, and American Jews strained all energies to aid their suffering brothers. But the idea which was ever alive in the mind of the leader continued to ferment. As soon as the wounds of Palestine began to heal and the country to be rebuilt, even before there was enough bread for the hungry or homes for the wanderers, Dr. Weizmann returned to the task of creating a Hebrew academy of learning. The coming of Professor Albert Einstein to America in 1921 gave the first great impetus to the project. Shortly after his arrival a number of physicians banded together for the purpose of building the medical department of the Hebrew University, and so the American Jewish Physicians' Committee came into being. They soon purchased ten acres of land on Mount Scopus and set about to build a Microbiological Institute. This, together with the reconstructed Grey-Hill home, which became the Chemical Institute, formed the first modest buildings of the University, two scientific departments, very significantly inaugurating its activities. Since then an American Committee has been providing most of the current budget, securing endowments, and establishing scholarships.

Four years ago, in the month of Nissan, in April, 1925, even before the work on Mount Scopus had taken on the character of a University, when the departments of Hebrew and Arabic studies were just beginning to unfold, when but a few modest buildings dotted the vista so poetically visualized by Sir Patrick Geddes, the Hebrew University was formally opened. Once more the Zionist leader, in his gown as Professor of Chemistry and President of the University, this time Lord Arthur James Balfour standing by his side, gave utterance to the eternal hope of the Jewish people that learning shall go forth from Zion. The *chanukath habaith*, the dedication of the University-Temple, in the restored land of Israel took place in an open amphitheatre on Har Hazophim, in the presence of illustrious academicians from the four corners of the earth who came to welcome the youngest sister into the fold of the academics.

Since that time the University has continued to grow, to give body to the aspiration of dreamers, and to buoy the hopes of well-wishers. Scores of students now sit at the feet of professors who teach numerous branches of learning, with the greatest emphasis, naturally, on Hebrew and Arabic studies. A number of buildings, among them the University Library with its two hundred thousand volumes and room for five times as many, the Institute of Jewish Studies, the Institute of Physics and Mathematics, now form part of the group on Mount Scopus. The Medical Library with more than fifteen thousand volumes and over three hundred current periodicals, the Departments of Chemistry, Bacteriology, Parasitology, and Archaeology, continue to flourish. A university hospital, medical center, and school of tropical medicine, are in the offing, and so is a university center with homes for professors and students.

Up to the present, scientific research and post-graduate studies have been carried on, and a great variety of courses are given by an ever-growing staff of lecturers, together with visiting professors from Europe and America. In order to attain the eminence of

the older European universities, and not be reckoned among some of the lesser schools which prevail in the East, the Hebrew University has set for itself high standards of scholarship. When the needs of the country shall demand it and more adequate financial support will be secured, undergraduate departments will be organized. Many friends of the University have been urging this step not alone to satisfy the growing demands of the local youths who are ready to meet the highest standards, but to offer opportunities to countless Jewish students of Europe who are denied the opportunities of higher studies in the countries of their birth. For the present the needs of the local community are more than filled by the influx of Jews who seek in Palestine outlets for their professorial talents.

In the brief period of its existence the Hebrew University has succeeded, despite innumerable obstacles, in winning for itself an enviable reputation for scholarship, and in making a number of important contributions. There have been a great many difficulties with which the budding academy was confronted, and for many years will continue to face, in a pioneering and comparatively primitive country. Among these the most difficult was the task of creating a Hebrew scientific language and finding professors who could teach in a tongue which hitherto had been considered fit only for Biblical prophecy or Goluth liturgy and poetry. That has been accomplished, and it is perhaps the greatest achievement thus far. It served to lay an abiding foundation for secular learning in Hebrew.

Four years are but a moment in the lives of universities and one may well hesitate to venture an opinion, much less hazard a prophecy. But it is not riches and marble halls, nor the number of buildings and the size of the student body, nor yet the variety of courses which make a university great. Rather is it the spirit of learning, freedom of thought, devotion to truth, and a rich cultural tradition which give stature and create personality; and it takes many generations to embody those intangible qualities which constitute the only genuine attributes of a university. Measured by those standards the Hebrew University is wealthier far than many whose history is long and honorable. For the Hebrew cultural traditions have been unbroken for almost two thousand years, even though the Jewish academies of learning had no local continuity. From the days of Akibah in Jabneh after the destruction of the Temple, through the academies in Sura and Pumbeditha, to those in Moorish Africa and Spain, the French and Rhenish academies, and the Yeshivahs down to our present day, the tradition of higher learning was kept up, even though the Jews never had a university in the modern sense of the word. The Palestinian soil is particularly rich in those traditions and the secular Hebrew University can best strike root only there where the Hebrew spirit and language can thrive. There are wealthier and more numerous Jewish communities outside of Palestine, but only in Jerusalem can the University find its abiding home. And though there is nothing Jewish or national about the pure sciences, they too will find a genial place in that home of learning whose primary devotion is to study and research in Hebrew, Arabic, and allied oriental fields.

It is the hope of the founders and of those who now guide its destinies that the Hebrew University in Jerusalem shall be a home of learning not only for Jews, but for Arabs and Christians; that it shall become a beacon light for the whole East; that truth shall abide within its walls; that peace and tolerance and social justice shall go forth from the new University-temple.

ISRAEL S. WECHSLER.

A Call for Faith, Vision and Service

A Word from UNITY's Treasurer.

At the time of the celebration of UNITY's Fiftieth Anniversary, UNITY readers will remember that a few of its old friends resolved to raise an additional endowment of $100,000.00. Quietly and spontaneously the few contributed $50,000.00, made up as follows:

Mrs. F. M. Blanchard, Carmel, Cal.	$ 1,000.00
A. Richard Frank, Chicago	1,000.00
Miss Anna R. Haire, Chicago	2,000.00
Sol Klein, Chicago	500.00
Walter H. Lee, Chicago	500.00
S. O. Levinson, Chicago	10,000.00
Ruth L. Levinson, Chicago	5,000.00
Harry Levinson, Indianapolis	5,000.00
Hon. Julian W. Mack, New York	50.00
Mary McWilliams Marsh, Chicago	100.00
Helen Swift Neilson, Chicago	20,000.00
Matilda C. Schaff, Chicago	100.00
Olive Cole Smith, Chicago	5,000.00
Charles S. Taylor, Haverford, Pa.	25.00
Annette Finnigan, Concord, Mass.	25.00
In smaller sums from: C. G. Arnold, Mrs. Landon Carter, Rev. C. C. Connor, Isabel N. Doan, Ruth M. Dodge, Anna M. Saba, Caroline Schaff, Grace Gilbert Walker, Milo A. Wilson	47.00

Fifty thousand dollars still remains to be raised. How shall we do it?

One Suggested Way

A Life Membership at $100.00 will include subscription to UNITY.

Supporting Annual Membership, $25.00 to include annual subscription.

Associate Membership, $10.00.

Money is needed not only to pay the printer promptly but to advertise, to employ subscription agents, to enlarge the influence of the paper in every way possible. Let each reader constitute himself a director in the financial affairs of UNITY.

HELEN SWIFT NEILSON,

Treasurer.

Trumpets on New Horizons

A Monthly Column of Poetry

To a Student

Let crowded city pavements be your school,
Your text, the varied faces that you see,
An understanding heart and mind, your tool,
The art of human kindness your degree.

E. K. Biddle.

Education

We keep our grass so sheared and shorn,
You'd think we'd have the roots outworn.

You'd almost think it wouldn't grow,
The way we cut the green blades so.

Sometimes I feel as if we should
Let it go uncut for good.

If nothing more than but to see
What all these blades might grow to be.

Who knows but some might turn to flowers
If they could *use* their growing powers.

Walter Hendricks.

Prayer for Spring

Let the spring sun creep close to those
Whose lives are sealed in winter pain,
Let them find courage in the skies
And blessings in the rain!

Let spring flash by where women toil
Whose flesh has burned on travail bed
And who have closed in tearless grief
The eyelids of the dead!

Let the spring come when men shall walk
New hills with kindness in their eyes,
When comrade hearts shall beat as one
Beneath emancipated skies.

Sylvia Hill.

America—1929

Continent of Calvary—
Cross of earth set in the sea
Of Antarctic Golgotha—
Terrible America!

I'm no Christ, and yet I too
Hang, America, on you
For a mighty cross of earth
With a continental girth.

And not only I—there are
Many on this sluggish star
Crucified . . . who toss and cry
At the blue skull of the sky.

There are many—Christ and thief—
Asking death for heart's relief;
Grinning mob, and groining spear,
Jesting Pilate . . . all are here.

Pity us who toss! And pray
Curtain for our Passion Play . . .
"It is finished!" let us cry
Futile, to the futile sky.

He who (unlike us) was great—
He could carry the world's weight:
Oh for all eternity
He enacted Calvary.

Why, O Father, must we too
Cry—and cry in vain—to you?
End, we pray, this Golgotha
That men name America!

E. Merrill Root.*

*Mr. Root has been described by Robert Frost as "one of the three most brilliant poets of the younger generation."

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1929)

PART V—CHAPTER XXVII

Recruiting Campaign

So I attended the Conference. The Viceroy was very keen on my supporting the resolution about recruiting. I asked for permission to speak in Hindi-Hindustani. The Viceroy acceded to my request but suggested that I should speak also in English. I had no speech to make. I spoke but one sentence to this effect: "With a full sense of my responsibility I beg to support the resolution."

Many congratulated me on my having spoken in Hindustani. That was, they said, the first instance within living memory of any one having spoken in Hindustani at such a meeting. The congratulations and the discovery that I was the first to speak in Hindustani at a Viceregal meeting hurt my national pride. I felt like shrinking into myself. What a tragedy that the language of the country should be tabooed in meetings held in the country, for work relating to the country, and that a speech there in Hindustani by a stray individual like myself should be a matter of congratulation! Incidents like these are reminders of the low state to which we have been reduced.

The one sentence that I uttered at the Conference had for me considerable significance. It was impossible for me to forget either the Conference or the resolution I supported. There was one undertaking that I had to fulfil while yet in Delhi. I had to write a letter to the Viceroy. This was no easy thing for me. I felt it my duty both in the interests of the Government and of the people to explain therein how and why I attended the Conference and to state clearly what the people expected from Government.

In the letter I expressed my regret for the exclusion from the Conference of leaders like Lokamanya Tilak and the Ali Brothers, and stated the people's minimum political demand as also the demand of the Muslims on account of the situation created by the

War. I asked for permission to publish the letter and the Viceroy gladly gave it.

The letter had to be sent to Simla where the Viceroy had gone immediately after the Conference. The letter had for me considerable importance and sending it by post would have meant delay. I wanted to save time and yet I was not inclined to send it by any messenger I came across. I wanted some pure man to carry it and hand it personally at the Viceregal Lodge. Dinabandhu Andrews and Principal Rudra suggested the name of the good Rev. Ireland of the Cambridge Mission. He agreed to carry the letter if he could read it and found it to be such as would appeal to him as good. I had no objection as the letter was by no means private. He read it, liked it and expressed his willingness to carry out the mission. I offered him second class fare, but he declined it saying he was accustomed to travelling intermediate. This he did though it was a night journey. His simplicity and his straight and plainspoken manner captivated me. The letter thus delivered at the hands of a pure-minded man had, as I thought, the desired result. It eased my mind and cleared my way.

The other part of my obligation consisted in raising recruits. Where could I make a beginning except in Kheda? And whom could I invite to be the first recruits except my own co-workers? So as soon as I reached Nadiad I had a conference with Vallabhbhai and other friends. Some of them could not easily take to the proposal. Those who liked the proposal had misgivings about its success. There was no love lost between the Government and the classes to which I wanted to make my appeal. The bitter experience they had of the Government officials was still fresh in their memory.

And yet they were in favor of starting work. As soon as I set about my task my eyes were opened. My optimism received a rude shock. Whereas during the revenue campaign the people readily offered their carts free of charge and two volunteers came forth when one was needed, it was difficult now to get a cart even on hire, to say nothing of volunteers. But we would not be dismayed. We decided to dispense with the use of carts and to do our journeys on foot. At this rate we had to trudge about 20 miles a day. If carts were not forthcoming, it was idle to expect people to feed us. It was hardly proper to ask for food. So it was decided that every volunteer must carry his food in his satchel. No bedding or sheet was necessary as it was summer.

We had meetings wherever we went. People did attend, but hardly one or two would offer themselves as recruits. "You are votary of *ahimsa,* how can you ask us to take up arms?" "What good has Government done for India to deserve our cooperation?" These and similar questions used to be put to us.

However our steady work began to tell. Quite a number of names were registered, and we hoped that we should be able to have a regular supply as soon as the first batch was sent. I had already begun to confer with the Commissioner as to where the recruits were to be accommodated.

The Commissioners in every division were holding conferences on the Delhi model. One such was held in Gujarat. My coworkers and I were invited to it. We attended it, but I felt that there was even less place for me here than at Delhi. In this atmosphere of servile submission I felt ill at ease. I spoke somewhat at length. I could say nothing to please the officials and had certainly one or two hard things to say.

I used to issue leaflets asking people to enlist as recruits. One of the arguments I had used was distasteful to the Commissioner: "Among the many misdeeds of the British rule in India, history will look upon the Act depriving a whole nation of arms as the blackest. If we want the Arms Act to be repealed, if we want to learn the use of arms, here is a golden opportunity. If the middle classes render voluntary help to Government in the hour of its trial, distrust will disappear and the ban on possessing arms will be withdrawn." The Commissioner referred to this and said that he appreciated my presence in the Conference in spite of the differences between us. And I had to justify my standpoint as courteously as I could.

M. K. GANDHI.

(Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai)

The Study Table

Two Books on India

The first[1] of these books is lively and interesting but its title is so incongruous with its contents as to be quite misleading. "Impressions of India as Seen by a Kindly and Open-minded American Lady" would be much more accurate. Understanding, as applied to a foreign country or people or civilization, would seem to imply not only wide and profound knowledge and appreciation of all sorts, but also a discernment of real resemblances and unities which underly apparent contradictions and differences between that other people and civilization and one's own. Mrs. Williams' book does not display these qualities, but is chiefly a record of her visual impressions of the country. She made her journey in unconventional fashion, and vividly makes her reader share her pleasure and sympathies. But India is too huge and varied a country, containing too vast and diverse a people, with too complex and rich a culture and too ancient a civilization and history for her or anyone else who spends only a few months or years to talk of "understanding." As a book of travel, nevertheless, this is good.

Mr. Zimand's book[2] is of quite a different sort. It is built upon a large experience of the country and has entailed an enormous amount of very careful and discriminating study. The author has fully justified the trust in his judgment, impartiality, integrity, honesty and love of truth which the great Irish poet, Æ, so well expresses in his introduction to the book.

It is the best short statement of the Indian situation which I have yet read. With great selective skill it gives a resumé of India's history, social, religious, economic and political background, ending with an excellent summary of the present ferment of important resultant forces.

Mr. Zimand has seen many parts of India that I

1. "Understanding India" by Gertrude Marvin Williams, —— Coward-McCann, Inc., New York, 1928.

2. "Living India," by Samuel Zimand, — Longmans, Green & Co. 1928.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

GANDHI AND THE CALCUTTA BONFIRE

[The arrest of Gandhi on March 4th last, at a public burning of foreign cloth, attracted world-wide attention as evidence of the new crisis approaching in India. We reprint here, as of very general interest, the speech of Gandhi before his arrest, and his statement issued after this event. Both are taken from *Young India*.—Editor.]

The Speech

Friends, I do not propose to translate what I have been saying in Hindustani. It is sufficient for me to say that the boycott of foreign cloth, not merely boycott of British cloth, is in my opinion indispensable if we are to attain Swaraj in terms of the hungry millions.

The Congress accepted this proposition last year. The Working Committee by accepting the scheme drawn up by me at its instance has also set its seal of approval upon the proposition that I have laid down before you. The Working Committee has invited me to shoulder the burden of guiding its deliberations. I have faith in you, my countrymen, I have faith in God. I have faith in the absolute righteousness of this cause and so in fear and trembling and full hope I have shouldered the burden and now ask you to share that burden with me. This meeting is not of my seeking, you have chosen to call this meeting, you have come here well-knowing what is to happen here. I hope that this is a sign of your determination to lighten the burden that I have shouldered. I do not want to argue out the *pros* and *cons* of the boycott of foreign cloth through Khadi. Remember that is the proposition enunciated in the scheme. Before the Working Committee would accept this scheme it wanted to subject me to a fire of cross-examination. The proceedings lasted for four hours and the Working Committee was fully satisfied that this was the only thing we could possibly do if we were to go through this programme during this year and if need be wake up on the first of January next with the whole country as Independence-wallas. If we are to achieve our purpose this is the only effective programme. I want you therefore to be true to this programme and to yourselves. No longer deceive yourselves and the country by crowding at meetings of this character, by giving applause and then going away forgetting everything about what might happen at such meetings. I want you to translate every word that you say into effective action. I want you to pledge yourselves not before me but before your God that henceforth you are not going to use any foreign cloth, that you are going to give up foreign clothes in your possession, that you will burn them even as you burn rags in your possession which may require to be disinfected, even as a drunkard suddenly become teetotaller empties his cupboard and destroys every bottle of brandy and whisky in his possession, no matter what it might have cost him. You will count no cost too great against the cause, the liberty and honor of your country.

But there is a fly in the ointment. I have seen a notice served upon the Secretary of the Provincial Congress Committee which proceeds somewhat on these lines: That at this meeting no burning of clothes should take place because it is an offence under the Police Act or Police Regulations, whatever that may be called. The clause runs after this fashion that no burning of straw or such other things can take place in or near any public street or thoroughfare. Well, I have been taxing my mind as to whether to call this Park a thoroughfare or not. Two lawyers put their heads together,—I do not count myself as a lawyer, I am disbarred,—they put their heads together and advised me that by no stretch of meaning could this Park be called a thoroughfare. They drew my attention to another section in the Act where a public street, a public thoroughfare and a place of public resort were also mentioned. In this section the place of public resort is specifically omitted. I can well understand this Park being a place of public resort.

In this circumstance what am I to do? I accept this notice as one served upon my humble self. I do not want to avoid the consequences of this law. But today I do not appear before you as a civil breaker of law, I do not appear before you as a civil resister, I do not want you to commit at this moment a breach of any Regulation. I am quite capable of breaking all the Regulations that may hurt my moral sense but that time is not yet for me, —that time may come tomorrow, but it is not tonight. But I have got to discharge a public duty in front of you and in interpreting this law as I do or as I am advised to interpret it I venture to submit that this notice has no effect upon me, assuming the argument that the service of that notice upon the Secretary is equal to service upon me. If I am taken before a court of law, I make this definite promise that I shall not raise this issue that the notice was not served upon me. I claim this is not a public thoroughfare, I claim also that I am not doing anything that is dangerous. It is well-known that it is the settled policy of the Congress or rather of the Working Committee. The Working Committee has got a duty to discharge. I am a member of that Committee, I am the Chairman of the Boycott Committee and I feel that I shall be running away from my duty if I shirk this issue and avoid a prosecution against me.

I shall be going away tomorrow and I shall return on the 25th or the 26th of this month to undergo and stand a prosecution against myself for having undertaken to burn foreign cloth in a public park which I claim is not a public thoroughfare. That is the important statement I wanted to make before you. You are not burning, the act of burning is by me and it will be on my sole responsibility. You are not hurt by being witnesses—I wish you were hurt. But today the campaign is not of civil resistance but one of conducting a boycott, a fierce boycott of foreign clothes, remaining as long as it is possible within the four corners of the law. I do not want you today to be guilty, consciously or unconsciously, of a breach of laws of this kind whatever some of those laws may be. You will get the opportunity if you care to obey the directions of the Working Committee when the proper time comes to break certain laws or all non-moral laws of the country. But as I have said before, the time is not yet and I do not want to precipitate that time and I do not want also to anticipate that time. And if the Government will play the game, if the police will play the game, I promise we shall settle our business with Government without having to resort to civil disobedience, without the public having even to resort to no-tax campaign which is a part of civil disobedience. Believe me I shall strain every nerve to avoid that issue. Speaking with a full sense of responsibility over my shoulders, I know the tremendous consequences of civil disobedience and of no-tax campaign in a vast country like this,—a country which has undisciplined masses,—but a man who is mad as I am after freedom, a man who is hungry after freedom,—and a real hunger for freedom is infinitely more painful than hunger for mere bread,—has got to take tremendous risks, to stake everything that he has in order to gain that precious freedom, and it is because I am hungry for that freedom, —although I am on the threshold of death, I want to see Swaraj whilst I have still breath in me,—that I want to take all those risks. But at the same time I want to take every precaution and therefore I shall plead with the Government and the powers that be, I shall ask them to come to their senses.

If you will carry out honestly, faithfully and completely the programme that will be set before you from time to time I promise no heroic measures will be necessary to be taken by you. Is boycott of foreign cloth such a heroic measure? Is the putting of the Congress house in order such a heroic measure? Is the registering of thousands upon thousands of members for the Congress or the habitual wearing Khadi a heroic act? If you think these are heroic acts I can hon-

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have not, but I have had the advantage of three and a half years' living there almost entirely with Indians (some of whom are also his friends), and left there only last November. This is my only qualification to act as reviewer of these books.

RICHARD B. GREGG.

estly tell you that you do not know what heroic acts are; heroic acts are made of sterner stuff. These easy things have been placed before you for the simple reason that you are millions against one hundred thousand men.

If we were not under the spell of hypnotism or if we were not being acted upon by that great force inertia, or want of self-confidence, we would find it the most natural thing to breathe the air of freedom which is ours to breathe. If we were not under this hypnotic spell we would not have to go through even these easy stages. No violence must be used so long as you want to have me as a participator in this ceremony. I swear by non-violence--that is my creed. I can see no other way open to me to regain my freedom.

The responsibility for this act of burning is entirely on my shoulders.

The Statement

I was pained and amazed at the uncalled for and wholly unnecessary police interference, especially after the speech that I delivered in connection with the burning of the foreign clothes. Out of consideration for the Commissioner of Police I went out of my way and delivered my speech in English so far as it referred to the burning incident.

I had full hope that after the clear statement I made that we were not out for breaking any laws by way of civil disobedience but that we did not accept the interpretation put upon the clause in question of the Police Act, there would be no attempt in interfering with the burning. I have a little experience of the Police Acts in many other parts of the world. Unless there is imminent and grave danger the police never interfere with acts of the public even though these may amount to a breach of laws and regulations. They summon them before a court of law and it is the most natural thing for a police that are humble enough to recognise their limitations to seek redress through courts of law instead of taking the law into their own hands. They knew that tonight there was no danger imminent, there was not certainly serious danger, the crowd was quite peaceful and responsible men were in charge of the whole demonstration. They knew that the demonstration was a part of a big public campaign and on the top of that they had the clearest possible pronouncement from me. The act of burning too had actually taken place and I was confident that the police were there merely to watch when of a sudden I saw them with their big sticks shoving out the crowd that surrounded the fire and then with their sticks putting the fire out.

What followed I need not describe. I was not able to watch all the things that were going around me, surrounded as I was by friends, but I saw that there came a stage when the police used their sticks against the crowd. I have since understood from Sir Charles Tegart that some constables were hurt with brickbats more or less seriously. I am sorry to hear this. I hear from my friends that members of the public also have been more or less seriously hurt.

By a little tact, by a little forbearance, by following the tradition of civilised police all the world over the whole of the scene could have been avoided. I could have understood the police interfering with the burning of foreign cloth if there was a proper prosecution, a proper interpretation of the Act, and if in defiance of such interpretation by a court of law we had in pursuance of a plan of civil disobedience or otherwise persisted in the burning ceremony.

I am glad that though the police have, in the high-handed manner I have described, interfered with public demonstration, they are prosecuting me and those who took part in setting fire. I recognise the courtesy of the Commissioner of Police in not insisting upon the trial tomorrow and in stopping it till my return from Burma. It was but right that he should expect me to give him an undertaking that till this case is decided there would be no burning of foreign cloth in Calcutta public squares. After consultation with the local Congress friends I have already given that undertaking and I hope that the public will scrupulously respect it.

Let me, however, make it perfectly clear that this does not mean a stoppage of boycott demonstration or collection of foreign cloth or even of burning it. The undertaking means that pending the authoritative interpretation of this particular section of the Police Act there shall be no burning in Calcutta public squares and naturally in the public streets of Calcutta. But whenever it is considered necessary and whenever the Congress authorities so decide they will not hesitate to burn collected foreign cloth in private places or in places that manifestly do not come under the section in question, even in accordance with the interpretation sought to be placed upon it by the police.

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